Anne. Now forſooth why do you ſtay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncle can tell you how my liuing ſtands. And if you can loue me why ſo. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

An. You ſay well M. *Slender.*
But firſt you muſt giue me leaue to
Be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God, there's neuer a man in chriſtendome can deſire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne miſtreſſe *Anne*, your dogs barke ſo?

An. I cannot tell M. *Slender*, I thinke there be.

Slen. Ha how ſay you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let looſe, are you not?

An. Yes truſt me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muſſell,
You neuer ſaw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

An. Will you goe in to dinner M. *Slender*?
The meate ſtaies for you.

Slen. No faith not I. I thanke you,
I cannot abide the ſmell of hot meate
Nere ſince I broke my ſhin. Ile tel you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a diſh of ſtewd prunes, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hot my ſhin. Yes faith.

Enter

Enter Maiſter Page.

Pa. Come, come Maiſter *Slender*, dinner ſtaies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

Pa. You ſhall not chooſe I ſay.

Slen. Ile follow you ſir, pray leade the way.
Nay be God miſteris *Anne*, you ſhall goe firſt,
I haue more manners then ſo, I hope.

An. Well ſir, I will not be troubleſome.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Hugh *and* Simple, *from dinner.*

Sir Hu. Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* houſe, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the ſtreet, and enquire of his houſe for one miſtris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurſe, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maiſter *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you Sir.

Sir Hu. Pray you do, I muſt not be abſent at the grace.
I will goe make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheeſe behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter ſir Iohn Falſtaffes *Hoſt of the Garter,* Nym, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, *and the boy.*

Fal. Mine Hoſt of the Garter.

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